

## WOMEN WHO CHARM

HEALTH IS THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

It Helps Women to Win and Hold Men's Admiration, Respect and Love

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect, and love. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study. At the first indication of ill-health, painful or irregular periods, headache or backache, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begin its use.

Mrs. Chas. F. Brown, Vice-President Mothers' Club, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

"For nine years I dragged through a miserable existence, suffering with inflammation and female weakness and worn out with pain and weariness. One day I noticed a statement by a woman suffering as I was, but who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I determined to try it. At the end of three months I was a different woman. Every one remarked about it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound built up my entire system, cured the trouble, and I felt like a new woman. I am sure it will make every suffering woman strong, well, and happy, as it has me."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, bloating (or distention), displacements, inflammation or ulceration, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, or nervous prostration may be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

## WHAT WE OWE TO INSECTS.

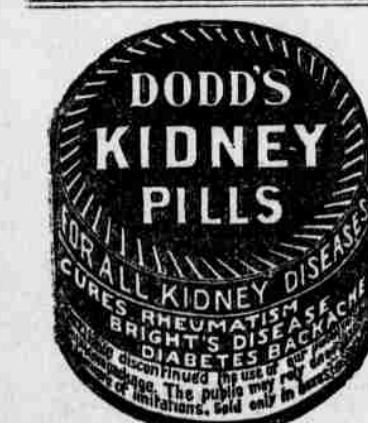
They Are of the Greatest Benefit to Growing Flowers.

Prof. Darwin said that if it had not been for insects we should never have had any more imposing or attractive flowers than those of the elm, the hop and the nettle. Lord Avebury compares the work of the insect to that of the florist. He considers that just as the florist has by selection produced the elegant blossoms of the garden, so the insects, by selecting the largest and brightest blossoms for fertilization, have produced the gay flowers of the field. Prof. Plateau, of Ghent, has carried out a series of remarkable experiments on the ways of insects visiting flowers. He considers that they are guided by scent rather than by color, and in the connection he is at variance with certain British naturalists. Whatever may be the attraction in flowers to insects—as yet, it appears undefined—it is certain that the latter visit freely all blossoms alike, making no distinction between the large, bright-colored ones and the less conspicuous blossoms like those of the currants, the lime, the planetree, the nettle and the willow.

## Open Air Work for Women.

Mrs. A. G. Conreid operates a ranch in Colorado where wild flowers are collected and pressed for use in souvenirs and menu cards. The work being in the open air, it has proved popular among teachers and other women suffering from nervous troubles, as it gives them a chance to earn a living and to regain their health.

But the man who thinks he has a will of his own is apt to marry a woman who knows she has a won't of her own.



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## WIFE'S SUCCESS KILLED LOVE

Dissensions, Misery and Divorce the Result of Husband's Wounded Egotism.

**Average Man Must Be the Bread-Winner and the King or the Domestic Structure Is in Danger of Collapse—The Case of Burr Nichols and His Gifted Wife.**

**Shattered Romance of Two Artists Seems to Prove That a Woman Must Beware of Becoming More Famous Than Her Husband, in His Chosen Line of Work.**

Jealousy, dissensions, misery and divorce. Are these the inevitable consequences when a wife is engaged in the same life occupation as her husband, when their lives move on parallel lines and with parallel ambitions, and when it is possible that the work of the wife exceeds in merit that of the husband?

So it would seem from the unhappy marital history of Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nichols, a history in which art and jealousy crept in at the door while love flew out through the window.

Her divorce has just been recorded in the New York supreme court. It is not an altogether unusual thing nowadays for a wife to outdo her husband at his chosen occupation. In almost every instance where this occurs misery is the consequence.

Men do not like to have wives smarter than themselves, or more ar-

dent colony around Fifty-seventh street and Eighth avenue. She was pretty and popular and good.

Miss Holmes was not only a painter, but even after she began to sell her pictures she continued to be an enthusiastic student.

She went to France and Italy, where she studied art in the best schools. She was successful there, and eventually went to South Africa and Asia for landscapes.

Still heartier and winning her way in the world, she settled down in Florence, where the air is the very breath of art, and where the sky is as tender as the eyes of love.

Here in the course of her work she met a young painter named Burr Nichols. He, too, was a fine artist, and their mutual tastes drew them much together.

It is strange that the very traits and characteristics and the mutual likes which give birth to love should in the end be the means of its death and funeral. The young artists did not dream of the truth of these things. How could the art from which love sprang be its murderer? Neither did they reckon of the future when they became engaged. Was there not the magic of love in their brushes? Were they not bohemians enough to face the future with light hearts? Could they not paint the tearful eyes away from the face of sorrow, and put the cap and bells on the picture of poverty? On these fundamental beliefs they were married.

Nichols, like his wife, was a fine painter. They lived an ideal life in their studio. They painted together, talked together, planned together, living and dreaming for each other.

The Nichols artist family was in-

tige it would give him would be of priceless value in his future work.

The wife watched his work with the greatest solicitude and pride. She encouraged him and gave him loving and unstinted praise. She put her own brush by to watch him. To her his work afforded a period of self-abnegation in which all he being was wrapped up in his.

Eventually the great painting was finished. With the utmost care they packed it and sent it off to the Paris Salon.

Then followed a period of deep anxiety in which two souls joined. Impatiently they awaited the issue. In a month the answer came. The picture had been accepted and would be displayed "on the line."

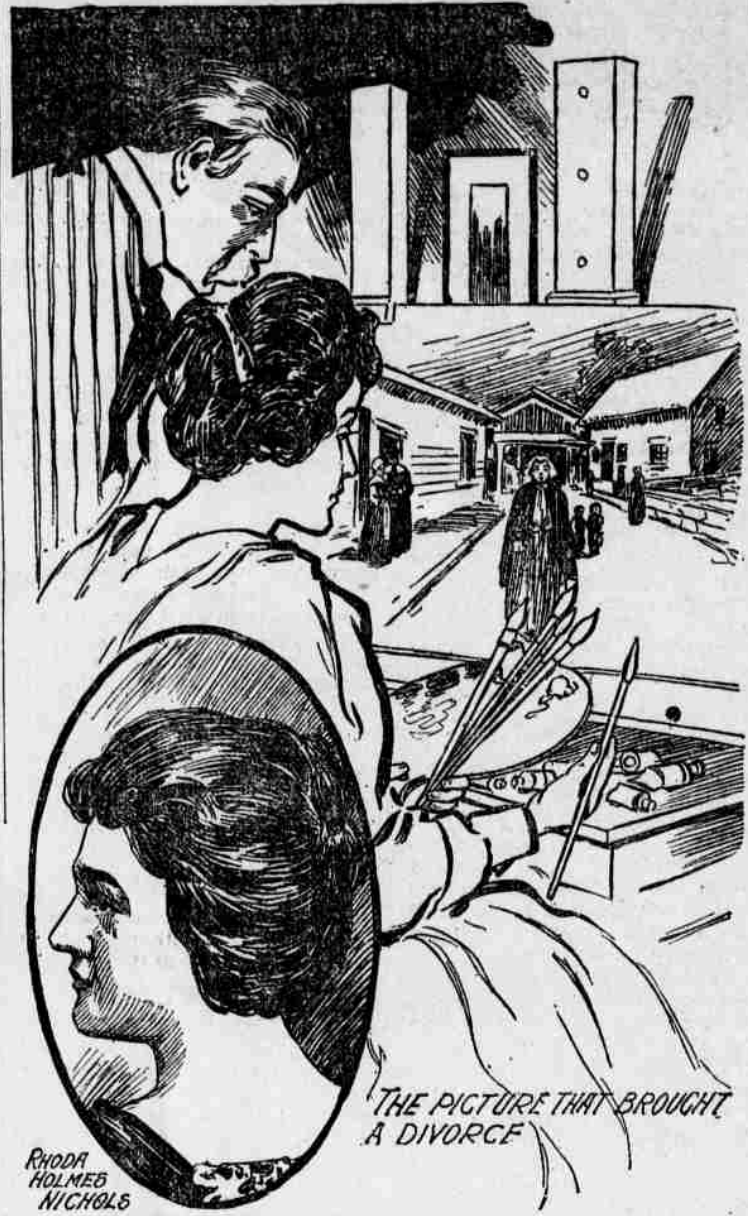
Joy reigned in the Nichols household. They would now paint with a deep and strong foundation of success under them. The Paris Salon had

In due time the two pictures were packed in separate crates and shipped to Paris and in due time the answers came back.

His answer was a box with his picture, returned with a due acknowledgment; hers an acceptance with honorable mention.

Then, say Mrs. Nichols' friends, the man's nature seemed to change entirely. He became grumpy and cross. Nothing seemed to please him. The iron had entered his soul. The wife had outdone the husband in his chosen sphere of life. Oh, strange phase of a man's nature which makes such a thing unforgivable!

Some old philosopher has called love "the egotism of two." The egotism of Burr Nichols had received a fatal blow, and under that blow love withered. There was no more peace, no more happiness in the household.



spoken and the Paris Salon was mighty. The picture had secured "honorable mention."

The husband resolved to paint another picture for the following year's Salon. The wife would try it, too, she said. Was not her husband's success her own? If she should succeed, would not her success be gracious in the eyes of her lord and master?

Mr. Nichols smilingly gave his assent to the plan and they set to work with light hearts. Mrs. Nichols could only paint between the intervals of caring for her children, but she went at the work with a light heart, hoping against hope for success.

## FIND HAPPINESS IN COOPERATION.

Up to this time not a cloud had marred their domestic sky. They were happy, with the carelessness of children. Their art was a joy—a play to them.

And so they played together until the paintings were finished. In order to insure separate consideration they were packed and shipped in separate boxes to the Paris Salon, where sit the world's arbiters in art.

In due time Mrs. Rhoda Holmes and Mr. Burr Nichols received their respective verdicts.

For Mrs. Rhoda Holmes it was: "Painting accepted and given honorable mention."

For Mr. Burr Nichols it was: "Painting judged unworthy; hereby returned."

Here fell the shadow. If we are to believe those who sympathize with Mrs. Nichols. Here entered the note of discord. Here was the parting of the ways whereby two souls became estranged, through the life of earth and the eternity of heaven.

Although the shadow was in his heart, the husband spoke bravely of the future. "Let us try it again, he said; 'we may both win next time.'"

And so they went to work for a second trial. Side by side they painted as before. But now there stood a ghost between them—the impalpable shadow of jealousy and discontent. The wife, perceiving this, grieved much over it. The husband, imagining things that were not, grew gloomy and taciturn.

## SEEKING THIS, THE CHILDREN WERE SILENT

and miserable. But the last straw came when Mrs. Nichols' picture, her famous "Scarlet Letter," received encomiums on both sides of the Atlantic. The husband had never done anything like it.

After a year of trouble the couple separated, the husband going away and the wife remaining to work out her own career.

Thereafter her existence was peaceful, if lonely. There was but one easel now, and one painter. There was but one ambition, and that was the support and education of her children. Art for art's sake was no more. Love for love's sake was a farce.

The woman continued to work bravely. She could have gone to France or Italy, where her young artist days were passed, but she preferred to remain in this country and educate her children. She took a studio at East Gloucester, Mass.

## MUTUAL HAPPINESS IN CHILDREN'S LOVE.

For eight years Rhoda Holmes Nichols has never ceased to struggle. She has earned a fair competence and has led a retired life, but gradually she is learning to be happy again—happy in the love of her children, which knows no distrust or jealousy.

The other day the curtain fell on the last act in this strange marital drama.

Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nichols received a decree of absolute divorce, carrying with it the legal custody of the children, and authority to resume her maiden name.

Incompatibility was the cause given, but the divorce papers are sealed. Mrs. Rhoda Holmes is still young and much of life is yet before her. But it is doubtful if she will ever again regard love as anything but a mirage of the youthful brain, an unsubstantial dream, the flesh tints laid upon the bones of an awful skeleton.

But the experience of Mrs. Holmes is not singular. So long as man's nature remains unchanged, just so long will he demand the leadership of the family, both mentally and physically. The spiritual crown he accords to woman without question.

Moral: Do not beat your husband at anything he may undertake.

## CITY OWNERSHIP REPUDIATED

REPEATED FAILURES PROVE THEORY NOT PRACTICAL

Investigations Show Results Different from Those Painted by Socialistic Speakers.

Des Moines, Iowa.—The disclosures which have been made in Omaha concerning the failure of municipal ownership in that city have attracted wide-spread attention over the entire country, and especially have the people of Iowa and adjoining states watched the developments with great interest, both because of the proximity of Omaha as well as because of the general principle involved in the Omaha troubles.

Some time ago the entire middle west awoke with municipal ownership ideas, and, like the showing made in Omaha, has set up a train of investigations by those who really wanted to know the effects of the public ownership of public utilities, and the result has been that thousands who formerly were advocates of this idea have now changed their minds and are as much opposed to their cities owning the street cars, electric lights, gas systems, telephones, etc., as they formerly were in favor of such ownership.

When the Iowans began looking around and investigating municipal ownership, they found that not alone was that system a failure in Omaha, but that in various other parts of the country similar reports were being made. For instance, Muncie, Ind., which has for years owned its electric light plant, has just abandoned the city-owned plant and has gone back to a privately owned electric light company. In Richmond, Ind., the mayor, who was elected three times on a municipal ownership ticket, has recommended that the city sell its electric light plant and go back to a private corporation. Logansport, Marion and several other Indiana cities are advocating the same thing. There always remains the city of Hamilton, Ohio, whose waterworks claimed at one time to be a complete success. But the results, under official investigation showed itself to be reeking with graft and a source of constantly increasing burden for the taxpayers.

In Omaha, the municipal market house was a complete failure and total loss and to-day stands without a tenant. This, together with the asphalt plant and the waterworks, which have stirred Omaha taxpayers to a point where they are declaring that Omaha has had enough of municipal ownership, must get rid of what it now has on hand, and must then give the fad a wide berth for all time to come.

Because of the political unrest of Iowa, Wisconsin and other middle west states, the agitators who are preaching municipal ownership, socialism and other theories of this kind, gained a ready hearing for a time, and were making headway and gaining adherents in every direction. But the fundamental hard common sense of the westerners would not permit them to accept the mere word of the socialist siren, however sweetly sung. They began investigating for themselves. They wanted to know how far the municipal ownership theory jibed with the results.

One of the very first results of these investigations was the discovery that the greatest talk of municipal ownership emanated from socialist headquarters in Milwaukee, Paterson, N. J., and Chicago. The socialists openly boasted that they had inaugurated the campaign as an entering wedge for their beliefs with the expectation that their cause would benefit thereby.

Then, again, it was found that wherever municipal ownership was in operation, taxes had been increased, the services rendered were inadequate and that a horde of political henchmen were kept in sinecures at the public expense. The work nowhere was conducted as economically as where private enterprise had developed the business; waste was at its height. Political rings were really not wanted by the public officials who were not men with the proper training to handle business of that kind, usually having no technical knowledge of the business, and therefore the city's business suffered. Individual effort was discouraged and the public officials who usually ruled the municipally owned corporations, it was not intelligence, not skill in the work in question that was wanted or that was employed. What was wanted, the sole qualification demanded, was political "pull" or the recommendation of some peanut political boss, who in the majority of cases was a saloon keeper.

The non-property owners who were investigating the subject suddenly discovered that whereas they had been taught to believe that all the increased taxes caused by municipal ownership were paid by the rich and by the owners of real estate, that eventually the increased taxation was shifted to the shoulders of the poor man himself in the way of increased rents and increased cost of supplies and raw materials. This point was one of the clinchers which caused many a western man to change his mind concerning the beauties of municipal ownership.

According to reports, the citizens of Omaha are congratulating themselves that they discovered early in the game that the municipal ownership road was not altogether rosy, and that they did not rush pell-mell to acquire the public service corporations of their city at a cost of many millions, which would eventually have to be paid in the shape of high taxes and higher rents. On the other hand, the average Omaha citizen seems to have decided that he wants no more municipal ownership, but would rather get rid of even that little bit of the system which the city already has taken on.

This sentiment is gaining ground rapidly all over the middle west. The solid

people have made up their minds that they will think a good many times before they make themselves the cat's-paw for a lot of long-haired socialistic cranks. They have seen through the socialistic game. They are getting tired of being used as entering wedges for rank socialism by voting for the gradual extension of its un-American doctrines through the preliminary process of extending municipal operations and ownership of enterprises which experience on every hand in the middle west and everywhere else—including Europe, as the former municipal ownership advocate, Mayor McClellan, of New York city, has so recently testified—has shown are better administered under the good old American system of private control and individual initiative.

Some people even covet the gold in their neighbor's teeth.

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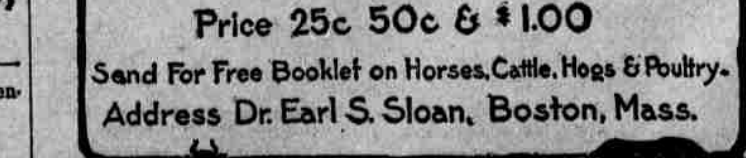
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## Search for Pole Unprofitable

By JOHN RITCHIE, JR., of Boston Scientific Society.

From the commercial standpoint it is difficult to see any cash value to the discovery of a pole, the north pole, for example. The route through the frozen seas from Nova Zembla to Greenland, requiring, as it might, from two to three years to traverse, could hardly be of possible use as an avenue for trading vessels or for pleasure parties, while from what is known of the commercial products of the region there seems to be little prospect of a return on the cost of exploration were this purely a business venture. The value of polar research, therefore, to the very best of our present knowledge, lies in fields other than the commercial.

The exploration of the poles has, however, a value to science, and like many other matters in which much money is spent, this lies in added information or knowledge and mental satisfaction. Practically all the value of the science of astronomy lies apart from any help that it can give us in a business way. It is very true that we depend upon astronomy for our time, for great help in the navigation of vessels across the oceans, and for the ability to determine how far apart two places may be on the

surface of the earth. But it is also true that enough is now known of the motions of the earth, moon and planets to serve every demand that is made by commerce. An observation once or twice a year, perhaps, and a few computations will be all that the business man can use commercially. But there are few who consider the large sums spent in astronomical research as wasted, because they add so largely to the knowledge that man has about his surroundings.

In the same way, most intelligent men do not begrudge the cost in time and human life that the search for the pole demands. The most of the disagreement and discussion on this subject is about the way to accomplish it, and on this point there seem to be nearly as many opinions as there are individuals.

**John Ritchie, Jr.**

## Good Sample of "New Woman."

Quite a versatile young woman is Frances Zerby, daughter of a Pottsville (Pa.) newspaper man. She has just passed her law examinations and is now licensed to practice in the Pennsylvania courts. She is also locally famous as a pedestrian, equestrian and camper out, is handy with rod and rifle, has tamed bucking bronchos, has written pieces that have

## Since Birth.

"You say you haven't been able to find work in 16 years?" asked the kind lady of Frayed Franklyn. "Dat's right, mum." "Goodness! How old are you?" "Forty-six, mum."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## been printed and plays the violin transcendently.

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